



Good Love



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Chapter 1 by Kimi

It hadn't even been her fault! There she was, in Mrs. Weasley's tidy kitchen when she had inadvertently sneezed mid-floo. And now there she was, sprawled over in a dark and dusty little shop she instantly recognized as Borgin and Burkes.

And she hadn't even been trying to get to Diagon Alley. It seemed that most mispronunciations from the Weasley floo network ended up here.

Softly standing up and dusting herself off, she was quite pleased to see that there was no one in the shop, although she could hear a faint snoring from a room behind the register.

How old was she last time she'd been here? Sixteen or so, she thought, nearly three years ago, then.

She caught her reflection in a cracked mirror, her hair was now covered in soot, looking more like a bird's nest than ever. About to remove herself from the shop so that she could apparate to the Ministry instead, no matter her hatred of the squished feeling, Hermione caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror once again.

This time, it was quite different. Her hair was gorgeously curled, a fitted baby blue dress flowing down her body. Hermione was never one for appearances, but she couldn't help but look, only then noticing a black, intricate pendant around her reflection's neck.

Her reflection pointed to its right, winked, and vanished, now replaced with the pale, messy girl wearing only a soot-covered robe.

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A small placard below it read: Bringer of Good Fortune and Good Love.

Normally, Hermione wouldn't have even bothered with good luck charms. She laughed at that sort of thing. And yet, there she was, ringing the bell at the register.

A groggy, balding man came out of the room. "Coming, coming!" He noticed Hermione and his mouth widened, baring yellowed, rotting teeth. "And what would you be doing here, Miss? This ain't the normal accessory joint."

"Well," Hermione said, disregarding the rude behavior, "I was interested in this, how much for it?"

"Take it!" the man said, almost angrily. "That thing's never been much of a point of interest. And it would look pretty on a pretty girl as yourself." He laughed loudly, mismatched teeth taking center stage.

"Well thank you," Hermione said, at once taking the necklace at putting it on.

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